



"'E AIN'T GOIN' TO WICKET-KEEP, IS 'E?"

"YES. WE ALWAYS PUTS YOUNG BILL THERE WHEN JIM'S BOWLING--'COS 'E CAN 'IDE LL'IND THE PADS."

CHARIVARIA.

THE HOME SECRETARY'S order that Borstal Prison shall henceforth be known as Borstal Institution has greatly encouraged those persons who are desirous that Holloway shall be converted into a comfortable Ladies' Club.

The Maxim guns used by some of the Territorials, we are told, are distinctly inferior to the latest Bulgarian models. This renders it all the more creditable to our Government to have pluckily sided against Bulgaria in the recent Near Eastern crisis.

A certain amount of sympathy is being expressed for the Reader of Plays now that it has become known that he receives only £1300 a year for his gruesome job.

Lady TREE has christened a baby lioness, which was born at the White City, "Gloria Budgetta." We understand that the biggest growl which has

ever proceeded from so small a lioness was heard as soon as her awful fate was announced. Once more it is being asked: What was the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals doing?

Dog, we know, should not eat dog, but it seems that this happens sometimes. A contemporary published, the other day, a photo of King MANOEL with one Danish boarhound at his feet. This was entitled, "The young King and his dogs 'Box' and 'Tagus.'"

The Woman in the Case is to be transferred from the Garrick Theatre to the New Theatre. We hope the case will be securely packed.

Barking District Council, it is announced, possesses two bath-chairs which may be used free of cost on application to the clerk. Our watering places as a rule show such a lack of enterprise in attracting visitors that we take off our hat to plucky little Barking.

The Japanese are reported to be devoting much energy to the extension of their shark fisheries, and the sardine industry is said to be seriously alarmed at the prospect of dangerous competition.

One cannot help liking the burglar who begged the magistrate to give him only a short sentence, the other day, on the ground that this was his busy season.

It is stated that two valuable statuettes, relics of Pompeii, have been stolen from the bronze room in the National Museum at Naples. This is possibly an exaggeration. They may merely have been taken as mementos by American admirers.

Even attempts at revolution have their compensations. At Barcelona two daily papers and three weekly reviews have been suppressed.

Mr. HALL CAINE'S latest exploit is to appear as an actor in a theatre at Douglas. He gets more and more like dear old SHAKESPEARE every day.

WHY THE BUDGET IS "POPULAR."

[Addressed to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER by a typical member of the class which constitutes the vast majority of the electorate.]

You ask me if your little Bill,
Round which the bees of faction buzz,
Causes my heart a happy thrill?
My answer is: "It does."

I like a thing that knocks the folks
Who mote and bloat and dance and dine,
That takes the stuff from out their pokes
And puts it into mine.

Not that I care who pays my way;
Such worries never make me fret;
I'm always free, come whence it may,
To pouch what I can get.

The thought of charity I detest
But mean to bear it like a man;
You tap the source, I'll do the rest
And swallow all I can.

And, though you chop and change your Bill
From what was perfect at the start,
In my opinion it is still
A noble Work of Art.

Whether the owner or the State
Should pay the valuation fee
May be a matter for debate
But makes no odds to me.

Baccy and sugar, tea and beer—
That's all of mine your taxes touch;
A halfpenny there, a farthing here—
It don't amount to much.

That's why I bless the lavish hand
That lets me use for my defence
A thumping Navy, built and manned
At other men's expense.

Nor could I bring myself to blame
A scheme that gives me, free as air,
Schools, baths and pensions, just the same
As if I'd paid my share.

So clear, indeed, its merits lie
That, when you ask me if I view
Your Budget with complacent eye,
I'm bound to say, "I do."

I can't requite, and you would flinch
At all reward for service done,
But, if you need me at a pinch,
My heart is yours, for one.

Yes, though I'm sure that you would shove
The hint of payment down my throat,
I shan't forget your proofs of love,
And you shall have my vote.

O. S.

The New Star.

* Robson was bowled by a straight ball from Googly, the bowler never attempting to play it."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.
After all, that isn't what Googly was there for.

What is the Right Age to Marry?

"This question needs no Solomon or sage,
For all must marry at their marri-age."

All rights protected. Author also protected.

HOLIDAY RESORTS.

I.—BILLINGSGATE.

This little old-world village has many attractions for those who prefer a quiet holiday to the more strenuous forms of recreation now in vogue. Situated on the bank of a wide river, strange to say it has not yet become spoiled by fashion nor devastated by the noisy tripper. Its inhabitants and their curious dialect will afford opportunity for much thought and speculation, while its exhilarating breezes must be personally experienced to be appreciated at their full value. The staple industries are connected with fish, and one can well imagine how beautiful a sight it must be to see the boats return at twilight, while the wives and sweethearts of the gallant blue-gerseyed and blue-languaged fishermen await them on the pier. All lovers of the picturesque should make a strong point of seeing Billingsgate. To find it easily, shut your eyes when nearing the bridge, and when the smell becomes strong enough to support your weight turn to the left. Another method is to buy a small scrap of litmus paper from a chemist, and carry it in the hand; when it turns pink you are there.

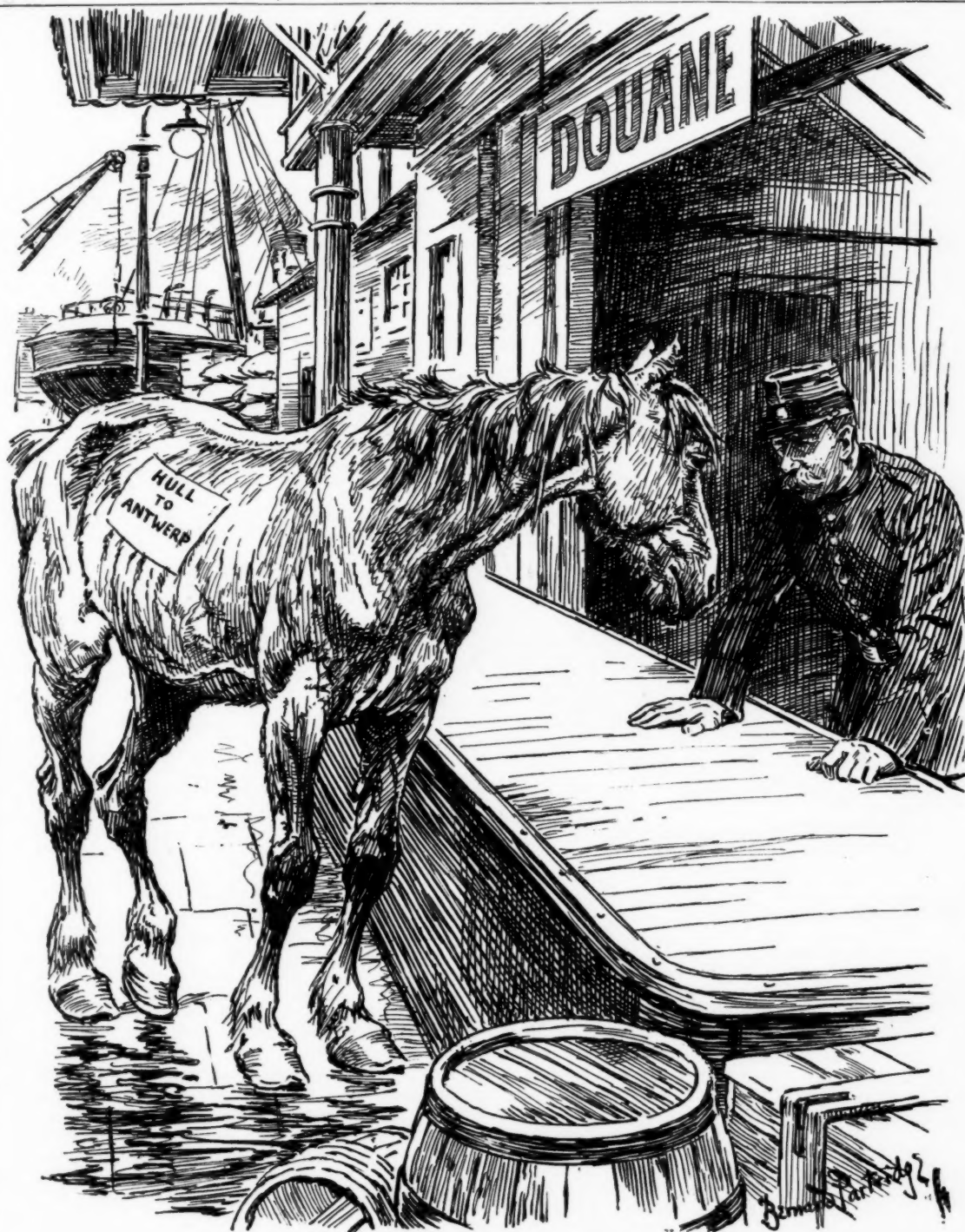
II.—CLAPHAM JUNCTION.

This healthy and bracing spot has been for many years the destination of thousands, and it is so well known that little that is fresh can be said in its praise. Situated charmingly on the South-Western line, with frequent trains also kindly supplied by the L. B. & S. C. R., it is unequalled for beauty and refinement. Few people realise the true value of scenery as an educative force until they have visited Platform 75 of "The Junction," as it is affectionately termed by its patrons. The means of access are by a wooden pier which seems a mile-and-a-half long, but is in reality only about a mile, or by a wonderful subterranean gallery cut through the solid rock, and full of the finest chiaroscuro effects. Amusements are many and varied; a favourite game with the children is hide-and-seek along the underground passages—a pastime in which their elders do not disdain to participate; races are also frequently run along the pier and down the stairs, and the authorities encourage the sport by placing officials at the bottom whose amusing duty it is to stop competitors as they pass, if possible. In fact, for young and old at this season of the year a stay at so breezy and salubrious a spot can be heartily recommended.

III.—PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

Opinions may differ as to the propriety of camping out on this historic piece of reclaimed meadow-land, but there can only be one verdict as to the benefits to be derived from a stay in the vicinity. Unrivalled in its position, a quiet stroll round the district (taking care to keep to the paths and not to pick the flowers) is full of interest, while those who are good walkers may penetrate to the surrounding open country without fear of straying far from some place of refreshment. Magnificent views can be obtained, price 6d. per packet of twelve assorted, and there are several shops where souvenirs of a more expensive character may be purchased. Excursions can be made from the Criterion (an old coaching inn) to the Pop (a pretty little creeper-covered tea-house), returning *via* the Empire; this journey is often done on foot, but strangers will be well advised to hire one of the conveyances which are provided. The illuminations each night are on a splendid scale, and if their stay is in any way dull visitors will only have themselves to blame.

VISCOUNT CHURCHILL, Chairman of the Great Western Railway, wishes it to be more widely known that the world's record high jump (fishermen's class) was performed by an inhabitant of the Cornish Riviera and not, as is generally supposed (on the strength of a poster), by a native of Skegness.



THE OUTCAST.

ANTWERP CUSTOMS OFFICER. "HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO DECLARE?"

BRITISH HORSE. "ONLY THIS—THAT I'M ASHAMED OF MY COUNTRY."

[None too soon the Board of Agriculture is taking fresh steps to regulate the exportation of worn-out and diseased horses—a cruel traffic which has long been a disgrace to the nation, and ought to be stopped altogether.]





Pat. "IT'S A QUARE THRADE HE HAS, TO BE SURE."

O'Grady. "I BELAVE THERE'S GREAT MONEY IN IT, ANNYWAY."

Pat. "BEGOB, IT'S IN THE THRADES WITHOUT SINSE OR PURPOSE AT ALL THAT THE MONEY IS MADE."

THE RIGHT AGE TO MARRY.

GENEROUS CONTRIBUTIONS OF NOVELISTS.

THE silly-season discussion evoked by the recent momentous decision of an American lady athlete shows no sign of abatement. Indeed, we have received letters on the subject from 950 female and 800 male novelists, but as the contributions bear such an extraordinary family resemblance we feel that the needs of the situation will be answered if we print three, adding a pithy and luminous epistle from Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON.

SIR,—As one who is happy though at present unmarried, may I be permitted to point out that the *locus classicus* on this point is to be found in my novel, *The Joys of Judas*, in which the heroine, after attending a garden-party at Burlington House, is kidnapped by the *Duke of Vertigo* and immured in a cellar in Arlington Street. The novel, which was published by Messrs. Odder and Odder, is now in its seventeenth large edition, and was the special favourite of the late

Emperor of Russia, Mr. GLADSTONE, and the MAHDI. MARIE SCARLATTI.

SIR,—May I be permitted to quote, as bearing on the point at issue, the words of a famous general, a man of dauntless courage and stoical self-possession, in my new novel (already in its thirtieth huge edition), *The Back of the Arab Mind*?—

"General Gray strove manfully to repress his rage, but the blood was thunging and ruckling in his carotid artery, his face was purple and the whites of his eyes were stricken pink. At last he could restrain himself no longer and, seizing his sobbing daughter by the right ear, he swung her off her feet with the scream of a wounded gorilla, adding in a tense whisper, 'Dash it all, girl, don't be a blithering idiot, but keep calm like me.'" (Vol. II., p. 184, 4s. net, at all libraries and booksellers'.)

ALF ABEL.

SIR,—It is obviously impossible to lay down a hard-and-fast rule as to the right age to marry. But I may mention

that after making a careful analysis of my own 59 novels I find that the average age at which my heroines entered the portals of St. George's, Hanover Square, is 21½.

May I quote the words of a distinguished *littérateur* in my new novel, *The Nicest Woman in Nice*, as he describes the ideal partner?—

"O women in our hours of joy
Inclined to worry and annoy,
When anguish makes the brow to ache
You are a trump and no mistake."

Yours faithfully,
WILHELM DE KEW.

SIR,—In FIELDING'S day heroines married at the age of sixteen or seventeen. Mr. RIDER HAGGARD'S famous character, *Ayesha*, was, if I mistake not, close upon 2,000 years of age when she contemplated matrimony for the last time. Surely it ought to be possible to strike a happy mean, and say that 490 or 500 is the ideal age.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

HINTS FOR HOT HOLIDAYS.

THE object of this article, other than the obvious one of filling up the page until you get to the paragraphs at the bottom, is to collect in handy form such information as the best authorities consider indispensable for the proper preserving of life in these trying times of heat and holiday. (I don't *want* to be alliterative: it just comes.) To do this it has been found necessary to bone many priceless ideas from the ha'penny papers. Apologies, however, are gladly offered—in the first place, to the editors of these contemporaries, and secondly (and more diffidently) to the readers of this compendium; it seems hard lines that they should have to have it all over again. There can be no doubt, though, that everything in this article is essential to their well-being, and that I have omitted nothing which I could possibly get in. Readers, therefore, should cut this page out and suspend it by a string from the chandelier, so that it may always be before them. When they are thoroughly sick of it they should paint it lightly with treacle, and then the flies will come and read it, too.

Now I'm going to begin.

WHAT TO WEAR.

Quite apart from Mr. REDFORD, there is one great difficulty about clothing yourself suitably in this weather; namely, that the more clothes you put on to keep the heat out the more heat (somehow) you keep in. For this reason it is generally agreed now that, the lighter your clothes are, the better. In the case of both men and women it has been found possible to reduce the weight of the wardrobe to the merest trifle.

Man's Dress.

1 gold-beater's skin suit . . .	1 oz.
1 asbestos shirt front . . .	2 dr.
1 diamond tie pin . . .	2 dr.
1 pr. open-work aluminium socks . . .	1 dr.
1 pr. sandals . . .	1 oz.
1 india-rubber collar . . .	1 oz.

Total . . . 3 oz. 5 dr.

The idea of the diamond pin is to focus all the rays of the sun upon your chest, which is of course rendered immune by the asbestos Richard. Should you, however, fall into the sea (I shall refer to this more fully later on) the india-rubber collar will be found both helpful and stimulating.

Woman's Dress.

Though the feminine wardrobe comes well within the province of this article, it hardly comes within that of this paper. But I am told it works out as follows:

1 muslin frock . . .	1 oz.
Et-cætera . . .	2 oz.
Hat . . .	12 lbs. 13 oz.

Total . . . 13 lbs. 0 oz.

WHAT TO EAT.

Let us (says a well-known vegetarian Harley Street specialist), let us (says he) consider a typical winter breakfast, such as was suitable three weeks ago; what do we find?

Porridge . . .	Hot.
Fish . . .	Beastly hot.
Eggs . . .	Help!
Marmalade . . .	Heating.

How much more suitable is the following:

Canary seed	Titillates the digestive duct.
Filleted beetroot	Smartens up the nervous system, removes moth, prevents baldness and makes cycling a pleasure to hundreds.
Breadcrumbs	Invaluable for black-and-white artists.

Grouse Recipes.

(I thought you'd like these now.)

"Grouse Melba":—Take grouse, remove the works, insert ice, and eat with spoon.

"Potage de grouse":—Borrow grouse, rinse in warm water, return, and serve results with squares of toast.

"Pressed Grouse."—Bone grouse; stretch and press, taking care that the crease is down the front of the leg; place on sideboard, and say to your friends, "Lot of trouble that bird gave me. Stalked it for twenty miles up stream, and then it winded me, and I had to give it both barrels."

You will notice that all these recipes necessitate the use of a grouse. So exacting are the dictates of fashion.

How to BATHE.

Rule I.—Before striking out, make sure that you really have arrived at the seaside. It is no good starting the overhand stroke when your excursion train is still waiting at Balham. In the case of Southend—but all the jokes about Southend were made last month.

Rule II.—The small jellyfish with the mauve insides *don't* sting. If they do, then it shows they know nothing about natural history, and to a certain extent you have the laugh of them.

Rule III.—(We are putting down these Rules just as they occur to us—there is no necessity for you to observe any particular order).—Should you, when swimming at one of our Southern resorts, mistake the way back and

arrive inadvertently at France, say to the first man you meet, "Pardon, monsieur, mais je suis arrivé. Proxime accessit. Nisi prius," and explain to him how it is that you have no hat. He will see by this that you are determined to stand no nonsense, and he will indicate the route to England.

Rule IV.—Before taking off from the top of the cliff ascertain the state of the tide. It does not follow that because, according to the London press, it is high water at London Bridge it will be high water immediately beneath you. Many an accident has been caused by forgetting this.

Rule V.—Bathing only makes you hotter, you know.

WHAT TO TALK ABOUT.

The sole topic of conversation in bus, tram, tube, monoplane, biplane, Salisbury Plain, club and Carmelite House is "What is the Right Age to Marry?" Some say "Now," and some say "Never," and some say, "Well, it depends." If you cannot consult a lawn-tennis champion on the subject you should join the first group you observe in conversation on the beach. They are sure to be talking about it, and a copy of *The Daily Mail* is considered sufficient introduction at the seaside. Just go up and say, "Well, I think twenty-three," and ask them all back to lunch.

Another enduring topic is the Heat Wave. The thermometer has now reached the incredible figure of 86° in the shade, or 128° if you have to cross the road for an evening paper. You may, therefore, safely say to your neighbour, "Well, is *this* hot enough for you?"—implying that it is all his fault we are having a heat wave at all, and that but for him we should still be enjoying the cool breezes and refreshing showers of three weeks ago. If he dares to say "No," you will be left trying to imagine what on earth it will be like when the thermometer stands at 87°.

WHAT TO READ.

Articles like this. There will be two more next week, if the sun keeps on.

A. A. M.

Nicknames of the Great—I.

"The high road will take him to Coniston Lake, where he may explore the village of that name, with its relics and memories of Ruskin, the hoary-headed giant known as 'Coniston Old Man.'"—*The Queen*.

Sporting Notions.

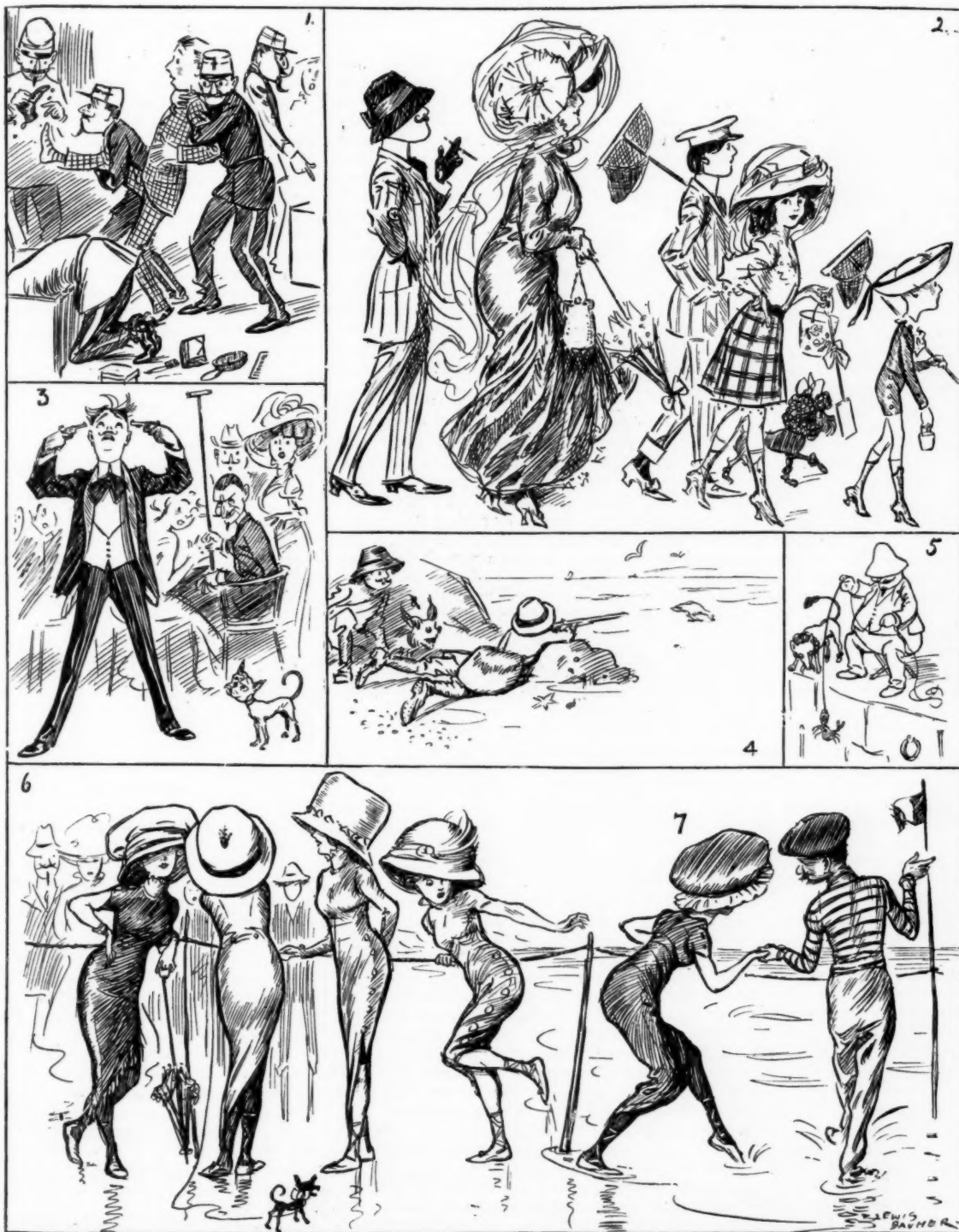
"The glorious twelfth is a red-letter day in the affluent sportsman's calendar, and Liverpool can boast of not a few crack 'guns' noted for their skill in decimating pheasant preserves."

Liverpool Daily Post.

One hit in ten chances! Liverpool's "crack guns" should do better than this in the present close season before the young pheasants get strong on the wing.

MR. PUNCH'S RELIABLE GUIDE TO POPULAR HOLIDAY RESORTS.

No. III.—CHICVILLE-SUR-MER, NORMANDY.



1. ARRIVAL AT CHICVILLE. 2. SUITABLE COSTUMES FOR SANDS. 3. DARK SIDE OF CHICVILLE—RUINED GAMBLER.
 4. SPORT AT CHICVILLE. 5. MORE SPORT AT CHICVILLE. 6. BATHERS IN DIRECTOIRE COSTUME. 7. INTREPID BATHER.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

Broadlands.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I'm a happy little woman! I've got the Centralians here!—actually!—and that wonderful Captain Findlay who discovered them—and a houseful of people to meet them. You've heard all about them, of course?—how Captain Findlay got to the very middle of Australia, where no one's ever been before, and found the Centralians, as he's called them, living there, where nobody thought anybody *could* live, for there's no water to drink—though, as far as *that* goes, lots of people here in England manage not only to live, but to do themselves awfully well without ever drinking any water!

The Centralians are the *sweetest* creatures! About four feet high and copper coloured, with faces like those old-fashioned door-knockers. Their dress is something in the Salome style; and they're the *only race known* who don't seem to have anything that can be called a language: isn't it delicious? (Norty says they could do with some of them in Parliament!)

The party consists of the Chief, whose name seems to be Rapparapparoo, his little wife (*her name, as far as we can make out, is Gig* said as many times as you've the breath), the Centralian Prime Minister, and some members of the Cabinet. They don't care to live in houses, and have no use for furniture, so some of the stables have been given up to them. I wanted them to dine with us every evening, but Captain Findlay says it's best not, as they eat their meat raw, and generally fight while they're eating it. They always dance for us after dinner, however—war-dances, love-dances, friendship-dances, and all that sort of thing. We're all immensely gone on their dances, and are practising them ourselves.

Professor Dimsdale is here to study them. As a mental philosopher, he takes an *enormous* interest in them. He particularly wanted to find out whether they'd any of what he calls "*a priori* ideas," meaning things we know without being told. I don't know what he did to them to find out, but the Centralian Prime Minister threw a native weapon at him and hurt him very much. *Wasn't* it unfortunate? The poor, dear Professor had quite a head for the rest of the day. I can't say whether this unlucky little incident proved that they *had* or *hadn't* "*a priori* ideas"—I thought it best not to ask the Professor just yet.

Oh, my dearest and best, I must tell you a perfectly lovely story of Josiah! So many of the houses for miles round want to meet them, that I said I should give a big garden-party, a *fête champêtre*, in fact, for the Centralians.

"Where's the good of giving a *fête champêtre* for them?" said the head of the firm. "The little savages don't drink *wine*." He's most awfully grumpy about them altogether. "You have these ugly little brutes here and make much of them," he said, "and yet you won't have the Tomlinsons." (That's the planter man and his wife that J. knew out in San Bangador.) "My dear man," I said, "can't you see how *immensely chic* the Centralians are, and what a draw they are! Just look at the mountain of letters my secky has to wade through every day from people simply *begging* me to have them and put them up *anywhere*, so that they may meet the Centralians."

"I don't care," he said. "The Tomlinsons were very kind to me out in San Bangador. What's the matter with them? I'm sure Tomlinson's a most respectable man, and his wife's *quite a lady*!"

"*En v'là assez, mon ami!*" I told him, when I could speak for laughing. "You've sized them up exactly." (I've left off trying to revise his vocab, and he's really more amusing *au naturel*.)

That night at dinner I fairly brought down the house by saying, "I put it to you all whether you'd care to meet some tea-and-coffee people named Tomlinson. I have it on good authority that *he's* 'a most respectable man,' and *she's* 'quite a lady!'" My dear, you never heard such a shout of laughter! But Josiah got so glumpy that I had to smooth him down later and say he could have the tea-and-coffee people to stay, if he liked, after I've gone to the Clackmannans in Scotland. That wouldn't do, however. "They want to meet *you* and the other fine people," said Josiah. "Mrs. Tomlinson admires you very much."

Poor little me! What have I done that I should be admired by a tea-and-coffee woman? If it had been her *husband*, now, it wouldn't have been *quite* so absurd!

I suppose I'll have to give in. Whatever else Josiah may be, he's quite decent about money, and it's his birthday this month, when he always gives me a present.

Do you go in for motor-kiting, my dearest? We do. My motor-kite gymkhana last week was a huge success. The only little hitch in motor-kiting is that the kites don't always fall in one's own grounds, and when big, heavy kites fall on people in roads and fields and places they get so humpy about it. In one of our long-distance races a big kite, quite a young aeroplane, fell on a farmer-person, who was ploughing or reaping or some occupation of that sort, and stunned him. He says his brain's injured, and that he'll "have the law of us."

People are telling *un petit conte pour rire* about Fluffy Thistledown at Cowes. She was there for regatta week with her yacht, *Proie*, and one moonlit midnight when they were winding up the evening with a game of blindman's buff on deck Fluffy was idiot enough to fall overboard. A sailor-man belonging to the yacht plunged in and rescued her, and the story ought to end there—but it doesn't. The sailor-man has long had an ambition to possess one of the Humane Society's medals, and now he sees his way to it and wants it applied for. Of course the whole affair would get into the papers in that case, which wouldn't suit Fluffy at all, because—well, it was rather a frisky party, several of the people being supposed to be somewhere else, and there were one or two that Lord Thistledown (who's a bit old-fashioned) had positively forbidden her to know!

Moral: If you want to keep a yachting party snug, don't fall overboard. Norty's so absurd, he says the sailor-man was very forward and interfering, and that Fluffy wasn't in any danger, for she's not heavy enough to sink.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

P.S. I must get rid of the Centralians *at once*. Sweet Pompom and the little Antarctic spaniel have only just been saved in time. Those dreadful little wretches were making preparations to eat both my darlings!

THE ANNUAL INTERVIEW.

"Our motto," said Mr. Salisbury Drake, "has been simply this:—'Surpass Yourself.' Each of us, Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, Mr. HENRY HAMILTON and I, has it over our desk. It is better even than 'Know Thyself.' If you are true to it you cannot go wrong."

"And have you surpassed yourselves?" I asked.

"Of course," said the genial and popular playwright. "Here is the MS. It will take London by storm."

"What," I asked, "is the line?"

"The line?" said he. "It is every line. Drury Lane can't be confined to one line. The mission of the autumn drama is to summarise life and Society. All the tendencies of the day meet in our play."

"And virtue is triumphant?"

"Obviously," said Mr. Drake.

"What is the principal scene?" I asked again.

"The principal scene!" exclaimed Mr. Drake, aghast. "We have five principal scenes. Five!"

"And what, then," I inquired, "is the first of them?"

"The first," said Mr. Drake, consulting his MS., "is the Channel. Between Dover and Calais. A masterly piece of

stage illusion. The hero, having lost his money, becomes a Channel swimmer. He is nearly across when a buzzing is heard, and behold above him appears the villain in a bi-plane, and as he passes he drops a brick on the hero and disables him. The other characters follow in a steamer."

"Good!" I said. "And principal scene II.?"

"That," said Mr. Drake, "represents the Lawn at Ascot."

"Not very novel?" I suggested.

"No," said Mr. Drake, "not on paper. But in fact! My dear sir, do you know that we not only have real horses and real jockeys, but real *divorcées*. Ten of the most popular and beautiful *divorcées* in London Society are to appear nightly. The hero, having acquired a new fortune, has become a punter. The villain, disguised as a bookmaker, pulls wires to ruin him again."

"And principal scene III.?"

"More realism," said Mr. Drake. "The South Pole. The hero has joined Lieutenant SHACKLETON, and is seen eating a pony under the shadow of the Pole. Victory! At this moment a polar bear, which has been approaching him stealthily, throws off his mask, and is revealed as the villain. A terrible struggle ensues, and the hero escapes only by climbing the Pole."

"Admirable!" I cried. "And the next?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Drake, "here we return to the gay life again. The Horse Show. The high jumping in progress. All the winners at the recent show are coming. It will be a most effective scene; no one need ever go to Olympia again."

"But how does the drama progress?"

"There will be a few words at the beginning of this scene. The hero is a competitor, the villain is disguised as an attendant and he frightens the horse. The hero is thrown."

"Is that easy to manage?" I asked.

"Not easy, of course, but possible. An admirably trained horse. A feather-bed on the stage."

"Yes?" I said.

"The accident," Mr. Drake resumed, "brings us to the last Scene of all—another triumph of realism, but of a different kind. The operating theatre in a hospital. The hero has to undergo trepanning. The students are all there, laughing and joking. The wounded man is carried in. The anæsthetic is applied. The surgeons operate. It is most thrilling. Can he recover? It is all touch and go. Unless, says the doctor, he comes to in five minutes, he must die. The doors open and all his friends enter, the heroine, the comic men, the villain—all. The minutes go by. All watches are taken out. One. Two. Three. He



Lady X. (whose husband has the worst shooting in Yorkshire). "WELL, CAN'T YOU SQUEEZE IN A FRIDAY TO TUESDAY? JUST A COUPLE OF DAYS ON THE MOOR?"

Ossy D'Arcy. "SORRY, CAN'T POSSIBLY LEAVE LONDON. BIG SCHEME ON AT THE WAR OFFICE. WE'RE CROSSING CARRIER PIGEONS WITH PARROTS—HOPING TO GET VERBAL MESSAGES THROUGH."

does not move. The suspense is terrible. Four. No movement. And then he moves! Intense rapture. The heroine falls on his body. The villain commits suicide. Virtue triumphant once more! There's drama for you!"

"There is, indeed," said I.

"During the existing spell of tropical heat, sunny seas and inglenooks have a more musical and attractive sound than the bustle of the race-course."—Daily Telegraph.

At the moment of writing we are dead against inglenooks.

"A remarkable incident occurred at a cricket match at Nash, Bucks. Mr. Fred Wesley hit the ball, and in its course it struck a man who was asleep on the nose without awakening him. The ball afterwards travelled to the boundary."—Glasgow Evening News.

Our first object in reproducing this paragraph is to call attention in a general way to the dangers of sleeping on the nose. Our next to point out that the ball "afterwards" travelled to the boundary, which seems to show that the sleeper was either a fieldman or an umpire. It must have been a very dull match.



G. O. C. "WHAT ARE YOU?"

Wretched Patrol (to the despair of his Colonel). "BILLIARD MARKER IN THE HORFICERS' MESS, YOUR 'IGHNESS!'"

THE JOYS OF REJECTION.

REFUSED! Ah me, before I took the header,
What desperation dangled on that word!
The one thing doubtful (if I could not wed her)
What kind of suicide was least absurd;
Wan were my features as a chunk of Cheddar
Ere it occurred.

And now it seems the blow was not so blasting,
The impulse to expire has been subdued,
The stern resolve to fade away by fasting
Has somehow vanished, and, when breakfast's
brewed,
I still sit up (the guise of anguish casting)
And take some food.

Nay, there are consolations; love's a trammel
That woefully impedes the cardiac pump;
But grief is like a pendant of enamel,
A thing of beauty, an eternal trump—
(I should not marvel if the Bactrian camel
Boasts of his hump).

'Tis no small victory that men should rank you
As one whose heart contains a bleeding sore,
Whose soul is swathed in cypresses and dank yew,
Dead to romance and deeming it a bore;
Who murmurs, "Not for me, dear boy, I thank you;
Been there before."

Sweet also is the way that damsels cluster
About the hero of a high despair,
Whose bosom braved the amatory fluster
And might with due expenditure of care
(However hard it may have come a buster)
Be worth repair.

This is the most sublime of sorrow's chances;
This is their meaning when the poets sing:—
" 'Tis better to have grieved for vain advances
Than never to have known the Love-god's sting";
To cure a life-long woe is what entrances
The next young thing.

"Large portable poultry house; suit football club."—*Liverpool Echo*.
If you think we are going to lower ourselves by saying anything about "fouls" you are quite mistaken.

"Take a couple of hours' good exercise every day. It is sufficient for the man whose muscles are not altogether in trim. The rest of the time he can be drinking in the good seaside or country air."—*Daily Mail*.
The reader is warned not to pause after the word "drinking."

"Captain Rogers shot a pariah in the gardens of the Terrace a few days ago and was destroyed in the bazaar the following morning."—*The Pioneer*.

The S.P.C.A. appears to lose no time out in India.



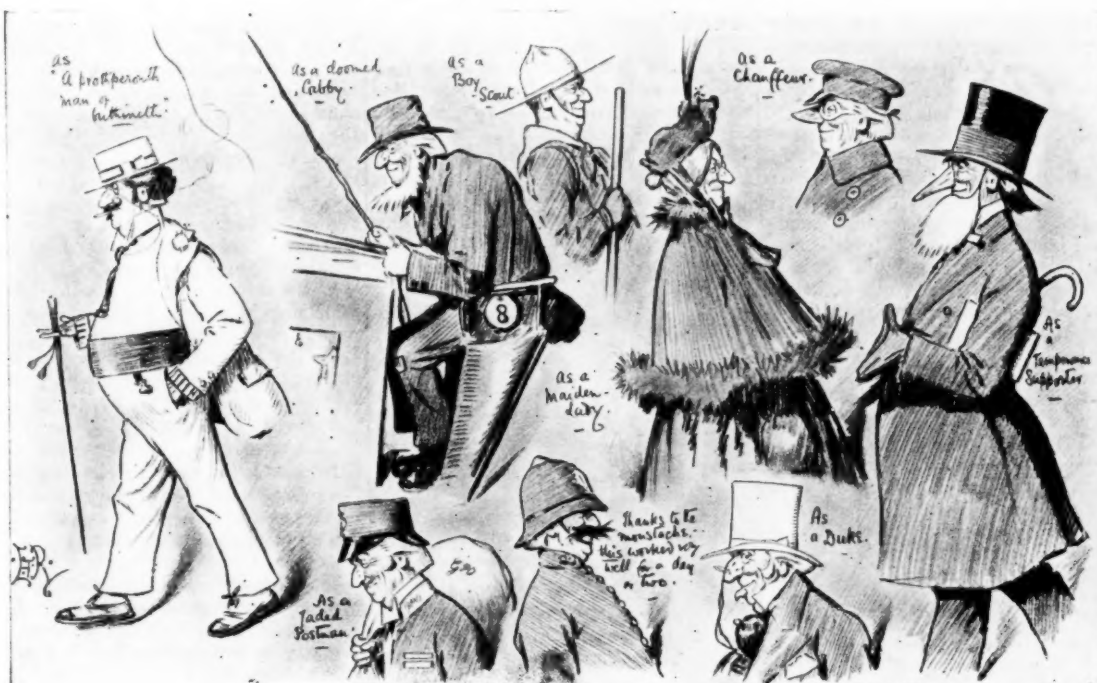
CARRIAGE PAID.

CITIZEN GEORGE (to Condemned Aristocrats en route to Execution). "GENTLEMEN, WE WISH TO MAKE EVERY CONCESSION THAT MAY SUIT YOUR CONVENIENCE. THERE WILL, THEREFORE, BE NO CHARGE FOR THE TUMBRIL."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



A FEW OF MR. ASQUITH'S DISGUISES.

IT SEEMS INHUMAN TO GIVE HIM AWAY, BUT THESE ARE SOME OF THE METHODS BY WHICH THE PREMIER CONTRIVES TO ELUDE THE VIGILANCE OF THE SUFFRAGETTE "PICKETS" AT THE GATES OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

House of Commons, Monday, August 9.—It was N. BONAPARTE HALDANE who first mentioned half-and-half.

Reference made in enticing circumstances. After brief interval, House back in Committee on Budget Bill. Seem to remember many weeks already devoted to pleasant task. Occasionally sat up with Bill all night as if it were a fractious infant. Take up Paper to make cheering discovery that there are more amendments set down on it than there were when work first began. Interesting this as feat of legerdemain. In actual circumstances alarming. If process continues we shall about October 1 find ourselves faced with a few score more amendments than were tabled on May 1.

Since Bill last in Committee someone in Unionist camp has run up white flag in token of surrender. Incident led to angry resentment. So far from contemplating retreat, Opposition is resolved that the fight shall be carried on with aggravated energy. This partly accounts for increase in number of amendments; also for added touch of fierceness on countenances of group behind Front Bench. Mr. EMMOTT scarcely settled in

Chair when motion made to report progress. This an extra in addition to amendments on Paper. Served to pass a couple of hours; involved four divisions which accounted for a minimum of forty minutes.

Came about thus: Dr. FELL, endeavouring to combat vague dislike for his personality, moved to postpone certain clause for ten years. Talkeetalkie by the yard. Performance beginning to pall, BOB CECIL moved to report progress. (Mem., none had been made.) Talkeetalkie for another half-hour. ATTORNEY-GENERAL moved Closure. Division. Committee now divided on motion to report progress. Defeated by majority of 99. Up gets Mr. HOPE, radiant with Faith and Charity; proposes amendment on Dr. FELL's amendment. LLOYD-GEORGE promptly moves Closure. Division. At long last FELL's amendment is divided upon and rejected by 189 votes to 93. Aggregate figures amazing. Not forty Members have on the average been present during speech-making.

Drawing on to 11 o'clock when NARLEON B. HALDANE brought in the half-and-half. WHITTAKER, authority on these

matters, tells me half-and-half, a liquid refreshment popular in sultry weather especially if boldly treated with ice, is compact of equal quantities of beer and stout. SECRETARY FOR WAR delicately introduced it in form of allegory. Question pressed as to what would be proportionate yields of taxes on undeveloped land and taxes on minerals.

"Half-and-half," said N. B. H., with subtle suggestion that he was obeying the injunction to "give your orders whilst the waiter's in the room."

PRINCE ARTHUR so charmed with idea that, speaking later, he defined half-and-half as "one of those happy coincidences on which those who advise the Government should be congratulated."

"Never heard it called by that name before," said FREDERICK BAMBURY, smacking dry lips. "But, as the farmer said, having sipped at his landlord's expense a liqueur glass of Benedictine, 'I'll take some of it in a moog.'"

Business done.—Back to the Budget Bill. Great sweeping out of amendments.

Tuesday.—Adjourning at five minutes past six this morning, House met again at a quarter to three this afternoon.

Even in palmy days of Parnellite obstruction, all-night sittings were not nearly such lively entertainments as fancy of outsiders feigned. With the site value of undeveloped land as topic of debate, and this night the sultriest of a coy summer, dullness deepened to ultimate chasm of depression.

FENWICK didn't mind sitting up for his country's good. But no use trying to snatch a quarter of an hour's sleep, as others did. His mind oppressed by news from Wylam. Seems, according to local paper, that ten days ago high jinks were carried on in grounds of local landlord, whereat LLOYD-GEORGE and all his works, specially the Budget, were denounced. That all right as far as it went. Still open to a land-owner to invite his political friends to gather in his park. What FENWICK objected to was alleged circumstance that detachment of men from H.M.S. *Calliope*, with band playing, gun trailed, arrived on scene.

"What steps does the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY propose to take to put a stop to such practices?"

Thus at meeting of House this afternoon he catechised McKENNA. Turns out that some one has blundered. The warlike crew of the *Calliope* were men in buckram. What actually happened was that a private company of boy blue-jackets made holiday in a field a hundred yards away from place where political meeting was held, "an event," the ADMIRAL drily remarked, "in which the lads took not the slightest interest."

Captain CRAIG, naturally resenting this invasion of his peculiar field of operation, shouldered FENWICK aside, pulled from breast-pocket a news-sheet printed on orange-hued paper and took the floor. Related how emergency man—oddly enough "name of Walker"—returning from fair in County Cavan was fired at from behind a hedge, shot in face and chest. Wanted to know from IRISH SOLICITOR-GENERAL whether "the murderous assailants" had been arrested and what steps were taken to protect the hapless victim of disorder against further outrages?

Reversing proverbial order of procedure, CHERRY made four bites at the story. (1) THOMAS WALKER is not an emergency man. (2) He has not been fired at. (3) Did receive wound in the face, but told police it was caused by a fall. (4) Fact is, he was shooting rabbits when accident befell.

How these things get in the papers others besides *Mr. Crummies* wonder.

Business done.—Clause 10 added to Budget Bill in Committee.

Thursday, 6.10 A.M.—PRIME MINISTER, wending his way homeward, first peeping round gateways to see if there were any ladies in waiting, confessed himself a little weary. His orny-anded brother

who "wants eight" hours as the maximum of a day's labour little reckes what the First Minister of the Crown goes through between the time of his up-getting and the laying down of his head on an untaxed pillow.

That by the way. It's all in the day's work and must be cheerily met. What depresses the PREMIER on this fair summer morning is reflection on the lack of gratitude in mankind. The Budget Bill, as introduced and as dealt with in Committee up to yesterday afternoon, involved the principle of placing on the private owner



"DR. FELL."

"The reason why I cannot tell,
I find considerable difficulty in drawing you.
Dr. Fell.

(Mr. Arthur Fell.)

the burden of cost of Land Valuation. On that particular point the Opposition centred all their forces. They protested that to resolve to clap fresh taxes on the hapless landowner, and then to insist that out of his slender purse he should pay the charges of the process of valuation on which the tax is to be levied, was an exercise of ingenuity closer akin to the subtle cruelties of the Inquisition than to the practices of English statesmen.

For some weeks, including an occasional all-night sitting, CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER has on this point presented inexorable front. Yesterday afternoon, his countenance wreathed in smiles, his hair brushed with exceptional care, something of a gala appearance in his dress, PREMIER announced abandonment of the obnoxious proposal, and threw the charge of valuation upon the State.

Having made this clear, pretty to see him stand with downcast eyes, a slight flush on his countenance, his lips pursed in shy smile. Expected outburst of applause from gentlemen opposite. Not quite sure that, creating precedent, PRINCE ARTHUR and WALTER LONG might not cross over, raise him shoulder high and carry him round, whilst BOB CECIL sang solo, "For he's a jolly good fellow," the rank-and-file of the Opposition insisting in chorus that "So say all of us."

So far from this expectation being realised, blank silence fell on benches opposite, broken later by turbulent stream of angry denunciation. To relieve the private owner at expense of the State was, in PRINCE ARTHUR's view, infinitely worse than original proposal. LORD BOB so agitated that, introducing an autobiographical note, he misquoted a familiar couplet. Said he:

"When I was young I had no sense,
I bought a shilling for eighteen pence."

It would be rude to challenge the assurance frankly put forth in first line. The second is not exactly what was written by that voluminous poetaster, *Anon*.

That, however, a detail due to heat of weather and debate. Enough for PREMIER, going home with the milk in the morning, to meditate on man's ingratitude to man.

"Hit high or hit low," he murmured, "I can't please the Opposition."

Business done.—Ministry perform right-about-face movement on Land Clauses of Budget Bill.

HOBBIES THAT PAY.

POULTRY.

COMPARED with most of the hobbies in which amateurs indulge, poultry farming possesses inestimable advantages. It is more virile than stamp-collecting; less fatiguing than big-game-shooting; infinitely healthier than palmistry.

Previous experience is not only unnecessary—it is undesirable. People who have had experience on poultry-farms nearly always seek to discourage beginners, and exhibit a peevish reticence when confronted with the most convincing figures and data.

The country is better than London for poultry-farming, though it is true that an ideal scratching-ground is vacant on the north side of the Strand. Choose a site as near a town as possible, since you have to think of marketing your produce; and it is almost essential, if you wish to make a profit on your eggs, to be in a position to sell them. Many beginners fail to grasp this point and have the hardihood to blame the industry! The industry is all right.

The principal consumers of eggs are Channel swimmers (an uncertain trade); proprietors of shooting galleries (shells only); and sick persons (with milk and brandy). If you can get into touch with a sufficient number of these your success is assured.

Age is an important factor to consider when fixing the selling price of a chicken or an egg, for the purveyor of poultry, unlike the furniture or picture dealer, must aim at youthful effects when placing his wares before prospective purchasers. In the case of a fowl, when once it has come of age, little can be done to obtain this pleasing result, though massage of the boniest parts is well spoken of. In dealing with eggs the problem presents less difficulty, and the judicious use of a rubber date-stamp is all that is necessary. Even an egg which has arrived by *petite vitesse* from Riga acquires, by the timely use of this contrivance, a flavour which commends itself to the most exacting connoisseur.

Food is an important item and should receive your careful attention, as a chicken's welfare depends largely on its diet. You must remember that the birds' interests are yours, and it is false economy to starve your stock. Plenty and often is the rule adopted by the most successful poultry farmers. Anything that the birds fancy will do, so long as they thrive on it. Some birds are dainty and obstinately refuse to eat; in such cases a very good plan is to borrow a funnel from the garage and pour the food through it, having first introduced the narrow end into the captious bird's throat. When feeding do not on any account omit to put some gravel in the rations, as chickens are inordinately fond of this delicacy and look for it with eager pleasure. Any kind of gravel will do, but it must be gravel. Unscrupulous dealers sometimes endeavour to foist wood-paving and asphalt upon unwary fanciers, but, if you insist on having gravel, the man who supplies you will see that you know what you are about, and that this discreditable artifice will not go down.

In spite of the greatest care you will occasionally have trouble with your stock, as chickens are subject to ailments which are a cause of considerable vexation to the owner. Roughly speaking, these disorders fall under one of three heads—foxes, motors and the gapes. It is unnecessary to say much here about the first two, as they invariably prove fatal, and the only thing to do is to face the loss. In the case of a bird which has fallen a victim to the motor craze, you may minimise the loss by eating what is left; this, however, is about all that you can hope to do, as a bird which has once passed through a gear-box is



JAMES IN THE HIGHLANDS.—No. 1.

JAMES (THE NEW BUTLER), IN CHARGE OF THE LUNCH, IS OVERCOME BY THE HEAT, AND FINDS A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE POOL OF SPRING WATER TO BATHE IN. UNFORTUNATELY HE MISTAKES THE OPERATION.

useless for market purposes. Appearance counts for so much in these matters.

The complaint known as gapes presents fewer difficulties, and yields, as a rule, to suitable treatment. The distressing symptoms exhibited by its victims are the result of ennui and want of rational amusement; unless you can at once introduce some variety into the birds' lives you may expect the worst. You can best achieve your object by moving your farm to some less depressing neighbourhood, where the surroundings will prove congenial. Skegness has a great reputation, and the tonic qualities of its air have restored many a jaded bird to health and spirits. Of course, if you live at Skegness, this

suggestion does not apply, and you must seek some other locality; bearing in mind that complete change is the essence of the treatment.

These remarks do not cover the whole field of poultry farming, but they go a long way.

Figures of Speech.

"Egregiously wrong in his facts, Mr. Lloyd-George is bowled out in his rickety argument by his own colleague, and becomes a dog in the manger in the light of Unionist policy."—*The Scotsman*.

Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE may be wrong in his facts, but *The Scotsman* seems rather mixed in its figures.

SURPRISING DISCOVERIES.

A MEMBER of the staff of *The Daily Chronicle*, in the course of a taxi-cab drive, recently made the surprising discovery that the chauffeur was an ex-theatrical manager. A most interesting narrative was extracted from him. As the *Chronicle* sapiently remarks: "With this new experience, in which he has proved himself to be a man of resource with no false pride, Mr. —

— would be most useful to any theatrical manager requiring an enterprising individual to look after his interests." It is pleasant to know that within the last few days adventures equally stimulating have fallen to the lot of other journalists.

Thus, while recently returning, in one of the L. C. C. trams, from his residence, Mr. FitzGeorge Crowe, the famous editor of *P. A. P.*, made the soul-shaking discovery that the conductor was none other than the missing Austrian Archduke who disappeared some years back under the alias of JOHANN ORTEL. Slightly condensed by Mr. Crowe's masterly stylo, the Archduke's story runs as follows:—

"I was for several years an artificial-eye-maker's assistant, but wearying of that trade went into business as a bath-chair proprietor at Denmark Hill. The demand for these vehicles, however, proved fluctuating and precarious, and I was obliged to sell my entire stock, except one bathchair, in which I and my family lived for two years before I got my present job.

"Now I am happy again. As an Archduke, I own, the thought of the unearned increment which I enjoyed weighed so heavily on me that I suffered from chronic depression and sought refuge in a morganatic marriage.

"You ask whether I have been recognised by any of my former friends? Honestly, I don't think that I have. You see the uniform is a bit of a disguise, and besides it is contrary to etiquette for an Austrian Archduke to travel in a tram. Still I cannot help thinking that I once saw the GERMAN EMPEROR, disguised as the captain of a penny steamer, board my tram in Camberwell.

"How long shall I remain a tram conductor? That depends on cires and Mr. LLOYD - GEORGE. You see that, having become a naturalised British citizen, it would be rather awkward if I resumed my ducal status and exposed myself to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S irresistible invective.

There are times, I admit, when I hanker after the luxuries of Vienna, but the consciousness of a simple life spent in furthering the interests of my fellow-men compensates for everything."

With his new experience (as Mr. Crowe puts it), in which he has proved himself to be a man of admirable efficiency, the Archduke should be most useful to any member of the L.C.C. requiring an enterprising individual to act as his private secretary. In any case it is to be hoped that he will act as



First Golfer. "Who's the TURF-REMOVER?"

Second Golfer. "He's an actor with THAT SHAKESPEAREAN CROWD AT THE MUMMERS'—PLAYS THE GRAVE-DIGGER IN HAMLET."

First Golfer. "WISH HE'D FIND SOMEWHERE ELSE TO REHEARSE."

an outside contributor to *P. A. P.*, where his inner knowledge of the Austrian Court should render his "pars" peculiarly palatable to the stalwart Radical readers of that fearless journal.

Only last week a leading member of the staff of *R. O. T. (Rare Old Tosh)* made the astounding discovery that a sandwichman, to whom he had generously offered a Tipperary cigarette, was an ex-leader - writer on the staff of *Bell's Chimes*. The sandwichman's narrative is as follows:—

"For several years I wrote leaders on foreign politics, but finally I had a dispute with the editor. I spoke of

Berlin, to avoid repetition, as 'Athens on the Spree,' and he objected to it as a vulgar periphrasis. Of course I wasn't going to stand that, so I left. I was then six months on *The Daily Maelstrom*, but they sacked me for spelling petrol with an e. Finally, as my supplies ran short, I thought I would take up this business, as I had formerly belonged to the Sandwich Golf Club, and worked hard in order to pass the examination to obtain the police licence. The examination was pretty stiff I can tell you, but my journalistic *flair* stood me in good stead and I came out third of seven hundred, my place entitling me to choose my district and to wear a pair of *Art Nouveau* sandwich-boards with the uniform of a cinquecento Florentine. In this way I have so far succeeded in evading recognition. The work, however, is severe, and I confess to a craving for the old Fleet Street grind. But, of course, I should want a decent salary before I chucked my present job."

With his new experience, in which he has proved himself to be a man of resource and no false pride, this fine fellow would be most useful to any newspaper proprietor requiring a writer steeped in the actuality of London life.

PEBBLY TOM'S ORGY.

"Our countryside teems with food, some of which we insult by the name of fodder, some of which we neglect. After all, our cultivated oats are no more than a slightly enlarged wild oat, and the original of the cabbage can be found growing by English cliffs.

I have often thought of the scope open to a giver of a 'wild dinner party,' and if the food were properly collected and cooked the wild dinner party would escape all comparison with the mad tea party which the title suggests."—Mr. Beach Thomas in "*The Daily Mail*."

HAVING read my article, dear reader, on "Wild Vegetables," will you not join me in a gourmets' ramble? What say you to Epping Forest? Very well, then, let it be Epping.

Thirsty, are you? Then what could be better than a good pull at yonder puddle? Never mind if it looks muddy; mud is an excellent purifier of the blood, and remember that every man is bound to consume his peck of dirt in time.

Lunch time, is it? Then let us make our camp here and consider the menu. For *hors d'œuvre* there are the stickle-backs which we caught in the brook. We have only to hold them over our pipes for a while and they will be as good as smoked sprats. For soup there is the

tail I pulled out of that old ox. It came away with great ease owing to the age of the animal and my healthy dietary ever since I took to eating like NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

For *poisson* there are the gudgeons which we caught in Auntie's hair net, an admirable article for the purpose. Never go for a hungry ramble without an aunt.

We come now to the joint, and here is discovered the usefulness of chancing upon a lost sheep in a desolate spot. Had it been more open and populous we could never have killed it so successfully, while skinning and quartering it would have been more difficult and perilous. As it is, the meat is bound to be rather tough, but as the week wears on it will get better and better; unless of course our forest larder is discovered.

For vegetables there are the nettles, which are far better than spinach, the pignuts and the wild carrot.

Next the game. Here we attack the moorhen which so providentially fell to my aim, accurate throwing being of the highest value to the countryside diner, and with it a dandelion salad, upon which the oil from two or three handfuls of tadpoles has been squeezed.

For sweets there is nothing better than a little wild honey from an old tree, but in default of this we may eat the blossom of the clover and honeysuckle. For dessert the crab-apple and the sloe. For coffee the powdered sorrel, and for the cigar the famous "Flor de Wiggs" from the nearest cabbage-patch.

As for the supplementary articles, we can get them, too: bread should be easy when the fields are so full of corn, and for butter of course you have only to seek the buttercup. The milkwort is equally rich in milk. Mustard grows in every field. Salt, I will admit, bothers me, but why not do without it?

The total cost has been the match that lit the fire. Even a duke might live in this luxury, and, indeed, it was largely because I and my paper so feel for the ruined ducal industry that I wrote the article.

HOW TO KEEP WARM.

Mr. Punch recommends any chilly mortals who are just now suffering from the shivers to follow the opportune example of Tottenham Hotspur and other London Football Clubs, who have begun a noble endeavour to restore their circulation with practice games. A picture in *The Daily Mirror* of August 12, exhibiting a perspiring forward in a sun-hat, is evidence of true British determination not to run the risk of getting chilblained in this weather. Persons of less sporting tendencies, but endowed with a salamander temperament, may find other



Macdougall. "Yon's an awfu' like sight to see on the Sawbath, Angus!"

Angus. "And what awfu' like sight do ye see, Macdougall?"

Macdougall. "There's Airchie an' his lass smiling and hurrying as if it was a week-day, just."

ways of escaping the Arctic rigours of the dog-days. Thus, should any immediate vacancy occur in the House of Commons, the existing atmosphere of St. Stephen's may be relied upon to keep off frost-bite, if the patient can safely weather an August by-election. On a Budget night the temperature approaches three figures, and furs need not then be worn.

For women we strongly advise the Wearing of the Green, plus white and purple. The adoption of these now

familiar colours is frequently found to develop a considerable amount of heat, especially after collisions with the police.

We feel confident that, without such banal methods as lighting a fire, blowing fingers, swinging arms, or rushing off to the Riviera, we can safeguard our numbed readers' extremities for this week at least. The Hotspurs have Mr. Punch's warmest congratulation for not belying their name, and for giving a lead to lethargic and blue-nosed Londoners.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

To anybody suffering from a surfeit of divorce-problems who is in need, as he ought to be, of a complete change, I heartily recommend *The Castle by the Sea*, designed by H. B. MARSHALL-WATSON and built by METHUEN. There, within smell of the Atlantic, he may revel in the spirit of adventure and in an atmosphere of momentous and incredible events. He will hob-nob with the fugitive *Sir Gilbert*, a sportsman with an unconscious philosophy, and fall in love with the beautiful *Perdita*, who not only says she is, but is, adorable. My student of the morbid will not have been in this Devonshire resort for twenty pages before the fresh air will have filled him with a new energy, and he will thereupon plunge into ancient smugglers' caves devoted to modern nefarious uses, to escape with his life (if any) in his hand. Later, in the calmer moments of reaction, duty may compel him to criticise an excess of melodramatic and romantic incident which inclination prompted him to enjoy, but even he will admit the charm of humour which permeates the whole. He will miss his accustomed innuendo and habitual problems, and may wonder why on earth I recommended to him so juvenile a book. Then, if he is the clever lad he pretends to be, he will suddenly understand. I knew that the bright and healthy change would do him good.

What I like least about *The Way Things Happen* (LANE) is the title, because, as a matter of fact, the events in Mr. HUGH DE SÉLINCOURT's amiable fantasy fall out after a fashion not at all that of actual life. Indeed, "The Way things are Written About" would have been a truer label for what I feel to be rather a successful literary exercise than the result of honest observation. *Miss Paul* was a maiden lady with a limited income who inhabited the top floor of a house in the Marylebone Road. The lodger below was one *Dr. Paveley*, who, a confirmed misogynist in the first four chapters, asks *Miss Paul* to marry him in the fifth. There is also another suitor, very rich, who meets *Miss Paul* in an omnibus, and proposes to her a few days later. This is the one that she weds; and then, a little brutally, Mr. DE SÉLINCOURT kills the husband in a motor-accident, and leaves his heroine a rich widow. However, the last part of the book is by far the most sincere; and well told is the development of the ex-*Miss Paul* into the almost legendary benefactress of her poorer neighbours. On the whole, if Mr. DE SÉLINCOURT ever thinks of dividing his works after a certain celebrated example, *The Way Things Happen*, despite its artificiality, will go justly under the heading of *Novels Pleasant*. That is why I am the more sorry that, of all the characters, the only one in which I can really believe is the Blue Russian

kitten—and even this is a matter of outside evidence, not unconnected with a recent appearance of the same animal in a published interview with its distinguished owner.

You would think that it needed, in these days, an exceptional gift of nautical bluff for the crew of a tramp to board a liner, smash its machinery, pinch the contents of its safe, row off with the richest passenger, and then turn up later on from another quarter with offers of salvage. Yet ARTHUR BRENNER, the author of *John Saint* (WARNE), contrives to give plausibility to this adventure, as conducted by the mate of *The Four Winds*, who gives his name to the book. By the aid of a little moral philosophy, not too expensive, and a *répertoire* of allusive comparisons well within the range of a popular encyclopædia, Mr. BRENNER wants to persuade the

average reader that there is something stronger in this tale than mere stuff for boys. *John Saint*, ex-gentleman, and constructed for better things, failed to get rid of the relics (eventually resurgent) of a conscience, and this failure, while it spoiled his chance of being a really perfect villain, was the recurring source of internal conflicts which give a certain quality of romance to a book in which the feminine element, commonly supposed to be requisite to romance, is quite subordinate; for the one woman in the cast, though necessary to the plot, has only a very small speaking part. Mr. BRENNER, if he has not exactly achieved literature, has at least written a good breezy tale, that smacks true of salt seas, and, unlike the poor tramp ("blistered in the Doldrums, frozen round the Horn," as he says of it in a phrase fit for a Kipling chanty) is full of seaworthiness. Mr. LANCELOT SPEED's illustrations, both plain and coloured, are effective; but I wish that he had given us more of the sea itself, for he



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—1.

KING CHARLES THE SECOND SHOWING THE LADIES OF THE COURT HOW HE CLIMBED THE OAK TREE.

knows better than most how to draw waves and ships sitting on them.

"John Strange Winter" in *The Daily Mail*:

"At the same time I cannot forget that my grandmother and my mother-in-law were both married at eighteen—one being twenty-two, the other twenty-one."

It is certainly the sort of thing one would always remember.

"A new office has been organised at the British Museum, that of Assistant Keeper to Mr. Sidney Colvin."—*Daily Telegraph*.

The mid-day meal is administered at 1. Admittance by white ticket.

"Seaton had very hard luck in losing two men leg before wicket, after having the game well in hand."—*Deon and Exeter Gazette*.

Why *won't* the umpires keep their eyes on the score?